

PS 2809

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# O D E

*Sung at the Centennial Festival of St. John's Lodge,  
Providence, June 24, 1857.*

WRITTEN BY R. W. BR. JOHN H. SHEPPARD.

AIR—"Auld Lang Syne."

ALL hail this Sainted Jubilee !  
A hundred years have flown  
Since on Rhode Island's verdant shores  
The Light in darkness shone.  
The Brethren, they were few and rare,  
They were a little band,  
A Lodge in a lone wilderness  
Far from their Fatherland.

Then all this boundless Continent  
Was mountain, lake and tree,  
Save where the star of Empire rose  
On dwellings of the free.  
Now arrowy Steamers shoot along ;  
Now cities charm the view,  
Where once the Indian pitch'd his tent  
Or paddled his Canoe.

Alas ! when memory calls her roll  
Our hearts within us burn,  
To think of those who once were here,  
Who will no more return !  
And yet there 's glory in the thought !  
That in our Archives old  
A WARREN, FRANKLIN, WASHINGTON,  
Were on that page enroll'd.

The Light which on our altar shone  
A hundred years ago,  
Now spreads a *starry canopy*  
Where two vast oceans flow.  
From Maine to mighty Oregon,  
Then raise our banners high,  
For WISDOM, STRENGTH and BEAUTY form  
The immortal mystic tie.

am. w. 1231-1

P.  
Wm. B. J. and Co



## DEDICATION HYMN.

• BY R W BR. JOHN H. SHEPPARD.

SUNG AT

THE NEW MASONIC TEMPLE,

BOSTON. JUNE 24, 1867.

*MUSIC BY LUCIAN SOUTHARD, ESQ.*

THE mountains round Jerufalem  
The fame forever stand:  
But the dark clouds which rest on them  
O'erthadow fea and land.  
No fail is feen on Galilee:  
No harp in Judah's halls:  
The city, once fo brave and free,  
The feimitar appals:  
A remnant scarce is left in her  
To guard the Holy Sepulchre.

In ftreets our ancient Brethren trod  
Rings the Muezzin's cry:  
And where our Temple rose to God  
A mofque invades the fky:—

Our Temple, which once stood sublime  
On Mount Moriah's height,  
A mould of Beauty for all time,  
An oracle of light:  
The glorious handicraft of them. —  
The GRAND LODGE of Jerufalem.

1522  
STAIN

Its form and grandeur yet survive  
In every Maſon's mind:  
Though Moſque and Minaret may ſtrive  
To leave no trace behind.  
The ideal preſence ſtands the ſame  
Where'er on earth we roam:  
Jeruſalem, from whence we came,  
Is ſtill the Brother's home.  
He ne'er forgets while time runs on,  
The TEMPLE of King Solomon.

The glory of the Holy Land,  
Though vaniſhed from the eye,  
Still warms the heart and guides thy hand,  
Immortal Maſonry!  
Like Venus riſing from the ſea, —  
A form of lovelineſs,  
This beautious, ſculptured Fane to Thee  
We dedicate, and bleſs.  
In Saint John's name, to Chriſt ſo dear,  
We confecrate our Altars here.



P. J.  
Wm. B. Jones.

u m 12, Aug 12, 1929.







## THE SPRIG OF ACACIA.

BY JOHN H. SHEPPARD.

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Deep in the grave, whene'er a Brother dies  
We drop the Acacia at his obsequies ;  
A leaf — a sprig — yet this fraternal token,  
When dust to dust — the Golden Bowl is broken —  
Midst hallow'd rites around his lowly bed,  
Portends the Resurrection of the Dead :  
An <sup>1</sup> tears on earth, like dew of Hermon given,  
Reflect through Hope the light which shines from Heaven.

437  
S. 147

10.

Dom. B. 2022.









# THEY SANG A HYMN.



WORDS BY JOHN H. SHEPPARD, ESQ.

AIR — *Old Scotch Melody.*



1

They sang a Hymn ; but ne'er before,  
Did chant on earth such thoughts inspire ;  
Not Moses on the Red Sea shore ;  
Nor David with his living lyre.  
It was a long lost Hebrew air,  
Oft hymn'd on hills where prophets trod ;  
And, while they sang, as Heav'n it were,  
To look upon the Lamb of God.

P. 10.  
Wm. B. Drake.

2. Mr. May 12, 1929

2

The Paschal moon was shining bright  
On Olivet and tower and tree ; —  
In every house a burning light,  
In every soul a jubilee ;  
Save in that lonely upper room,  
With fear and anguish hearts were wrung ;  
Dim shadows, of to-morrow's doom  
Above the Cross on Calv'ry hung.

3

The trembling stars then watch'd on high  
The garden of Gethsemane ;  
While Powers of Darkness gather'd nigh  
That timid flock of Galilee !  
'Thrice pray'd our Lord — worn out, they slept, —  
" Father, thy will be done," cried He :  
And drops of blood His body wept,  
In that dread hour of agony !

4

From Heav'n He came to heal our woes,  
His blood He shed the lost to save ;  
Like man He died — like God He rose,  
Enrob'd in glory from the grave.  
No tongue can tell, no heart conceive  
The rest to his Beloved given ; —  
Those martyr'd Saints, who met that eve ;  
They sang a Hymn, 'twas heard in Heaven.







BY A BEREAVED FATHER,

*John H. Sheppard*

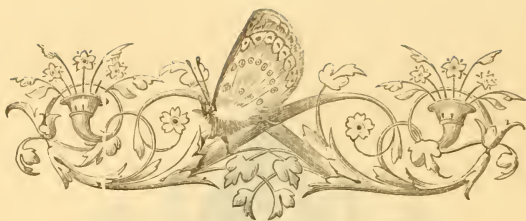
On

ABIEL WOOD SHEPPARD,

LATE OF SAN FRANCISCO,

Who left home, Boston, January 1, 1848, and returned Monday, September 5, 1864. On the 12th he went to his birth-place, Wiscasset, Me., to visit his cousins; was there taken sick, and, on the 26th, expired, of a congestion of the brain. He was 37 years of age.





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“O! for him back again;  
O! for him back again;  
I wad gie a’ Knockhaspie’s land  
For Highland Harry back again.”

BURNS.

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NOR morn nor eve now glads the lonely hour!  
Gone is the solace of declining years;  
Tasks, which once woke the soul with stirring power,  
Now lose their charm in solitude and tears.

Ah! when I gazed with agonizing thought  
On that sweet face — so beautiful in death —  
Almost in vain poor shuddering nature sought  
To still the anguish in my struggling breath.

Of as fond memory brings the past to view, —  
His blooming youth, his manhood’s rising day,  
His filial love, so gentle, warm, and true, —  
Comes that dread scene when in a shroud he lay.



P.

Wm. R. Roberts.

ms. Aug 12, 1929

For many a year with strangers did he roam,  
Where California's golden mountains soar ;  
In all his wanderings yet a father's home  
Shone like a star till his return once more.

And when his light, elastic step drew nigh,  
And joyous Hope foretold a happier fate!  
Lo! the tenth wave\* of sorrow, surging high,  
Broke, and, o'erwhelming, left me desolate!

The ancient hemlock by the lightning torn,  
Each spring may put forth leaves, and cheer the glade ;  
But let the aged heart be called to mourn,  
Earth then forever wears a deeper shade.

\* *Vastius insurgens decimæ ruit impetus undæ.*

OVID.

NOVEMBER 1, 1864.



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